

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
NOBISCUM
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record.

1926-1927.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 26.

MARCH, 1927.

EDITOR—MR. DRULLER

COMMITTEE—B. WELLS, L. SMITH, PARTRIDGE i, BAILEY.

Editorial.

Another term is almost finished. In a week's time the School football and hockey seasons will be over, and football boots and hockey sticks will be stowed away to give place to cricket bats and tennis racquets. Games this term have suffered severely, in the first place through bad weather, and in the second through the ravages of colds and influenza. Fortunately, however, we have managed to fulfil the greater number of our fixtures, though the teams have rarely been up to full strength.

And it is not only the games that have suffered. Last term we were bemoaning the loss of time and the difficulty of making progress in the classes, in consequence of measles and other ailments; and we looked forward to a Spring Term which would give us full classrooms. But alas! this term has been little more satisfactory than last. Colds have been rampant, and influenza has struck down now one, now another. Classes have dwindled, and in some cases almost disappeared. Anything like steady progress with school work has been quite impossible. Still, while schools all around us were closing, we managed to carry on, and now our attendance is approaching much nearer to the normal. Surely, after two terms, so badly broken into as these have been, we may now look forward to one which shall be entirely uninterrupted.

In the present number of the "Record" we include a list of members of the Old Scholars' Guild. We should like once again to call the attention of present scholars whose school days are rapidly drawing to a close, and also of former scholars who are not members, to the aims and

functions of this guild. Its main object is to help to keep in touch with one another and with their old school those who passed their school years here; to make them feel that, though they are scattered north, south, east and west, they can, at least twice a year, return to A.G.S., meet those with whom they consorted in classroom and on playing field, and once more, for a few brief hours, take up the threads of their school life. Two re-unions are held each year, one at the end of the Winter Term, the other at the end of the Summer Term, and thoroughly enjoyable evenings are guaranteed. In addition, the Guild organises dances in the Town Hall, which have proved very popular.

The annual subscription to the Old Scholars' Guild is only 2s. 6d. (payable in advance) and no formal application for membership is necessary. Simply come along to a Re-union—you will see the dates announced in the pages of the "Record" each July and December—pay up your half-crown, and you are a member. Every former scholar of Alcester Grammar School is eligible for membership. It matters not whether it is five, ten, or more years since you left, or if you leave at the end of the present term. Just come along, and join.

While on the subject of the Old Scholars' Guild, we would draw attention to the blazer badges which have been designed for the Guild, and which are now on sale. These badges are intended for members of the Guild only, and cannot be supplied to any former scholar who is not a member. As stated in the Old Scholars' News, badges are obtainable from your nearest committee member, at the price of half-a-crown.

The School Register.

Valeté.

*Thomas, E. M. (VI), 1914-26.
Farmer, J. E. (VB), 1922-26.
Hansell, O. N. (VB), 1922-26.
Merrell, T. H. W. G. (VB),
1922-26.

Holder, G. F. (IVa), 1921-26.
Taylor, U. M. (IVa), 1923-26.
Inns, P. (IVa), 1923-26.

* Prefect.

Salvete.

Bach, B. N. (IB).
Hiller, R. (IB).
Lane, M. F. (IB).
Mapp, T. M. (IB).
Morton, H. B. (II).

Morton, M. H. (IA).
Parker, W. (IIIA).
Sherwood, M. M. (IIIA).
Smith, A. C. (IIIB).

Old Scholars' Guild News.

SECRETARY—K. Perks. TREASURER—L. Sisam.

The Winter Re-union was held on Saturday, December 18th, about ninety Old Scholars being present. The usual programme of dancing was carried on until midnight.

At the Business Meeting the Balance Sheet of the Guild for the year 1925-26 was presented and passed.

A proposition was approved that in future notices be inserted in the "Evesham Journal," "Alcester Chronicle," and "Redditch Indicator," under the heading of A.G.S.O.S.G., on the first Saturday of the month, if any Guild function is to take place during that month.

It was decided that from July, 1927, the subscriptions should be raised, the Life Subscription to be £2 2s. and the Annual Subscription 2s. 6d.

A sample Blazer Badge for use of Guild members was exhibited at the Re-union. These badges are now ready, and may be obtained from the nearest committee member or the Secretary. The price is 2s. 6d.

A most successful Dance was held in the Town Hall on Friday, January 7th. About ninety Old Scholars and friends were there, and very much appreciated the Avon Orchestra from Evesham. Dancing continued until 2.30 a.m. A profit of 19s. 10d. was made, and this has been paid into the Guild fund.

A similar Dance has been arranged for Thursday, April 21st, from 8 till 2. Messrs. Spencer's Band, from Redditch, has been engaged, and a successful evening is ensured. Numbers will be strictly limited to ninety, so Old Scholars will be well advised to secure tickets at once. They may be obtained from any committee member or the Secretary. Tickets are 3s. each.

The following tennis matches have been arranged to be played at the School:—Monday, June 20th, School v.

O.S.G.; Monday, June 27th, Mr. Wells' team v. O.S.G. Both matches will begin at 6 p.m., and we hope a good number of Old Scholars will be there.

We were all extremely sorry to hear of Harry Hodgkinson's accident, and are glad to be able to say he is progressing favourably. We all wish him a very speedy recovery.

K. L. P.

Old Scholars' Guild: List of Members.

The following is a full list of members of the Guild, as shown by the Secretary's book. Those whose names do not appear will be reminded that their subscriptions for the present year 1926-27, due in July last, have not yet been received.

L.M. signifies life member.

B. Adkins, M. Adkins, G. Ainge, W. Andrews, H. Ankorn, A. Anker, L. Anker, P. Averill.

Miss Baker, D. Balmforth, E. Baseley, M. Baylis, G. Baylis, S. Baylis, W. Beasley, L. Bennett (L.M.), E. Betteridge, G. Bishop, K. Bomford, M. Bomford, J. Bomford, E. Bowen, S. Bowen, J. Brookes, V. Bunting, E. Bunting, C. Bunting, F. Bunting, P. Burden.

G. Chattaway, E. Clark, M. Clark, L. Clark, G. Clayton, H. Corbett, T. Corbett.

Miss Davies (L.M.), Miss Deans (L.M.), N. Derrick, I. Dowdeswell, Mr. Druller.

G. Edkins, P. Edkins, C. Edkins, Miss Evans (L.M.).

A Finnemore, P. Finnemore, E. Francis, E. Franklin.

E. Gander, M. Griffiths, C. Guillaume.

Mr. Hall (L.M.), M. Hall (L.M.), K. Hall, H. Hall, J. F. Harper, J. T. Harper, S. Harris, I. Harwood, M. M. Hemming, J. Hemming, N. Hill, H. Hodgkinson, C. Holder (L.M.), K. Holworthy, M. Horniblow, A. J. Horniblow, R. Howse (L.M.), H. Hunt.

O. Jackson, M. James (L.M.), R. Jephcott, B. Jones, E. Jones, C. S. Jones.

N. Lamb, H. Lester (L.M.), I. Lloyd.

E. H. Mander, K. Moore.

E. Nicklin.

A. E. Perkins, K. Perks (L.M.), E. Perks.

S. Rawlings, R. Robins, A. Rook.

D. L. Savage, D. Selman, M. Sherwood, M. Sisam, D. Sisam, L. Sisam, K. Sisson (L.M.); E. Skinner, M. Smith, R. Smith, I. Staff, N. Staff.

M. Thomas, H. Thomas, E. Thomson (L.M.).
H. Wainwright, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Walker, M. Walker,
B. Walker, Miss Weatherup, Mrs. Wells (L.M.), Miss Wells
(L.M.), Mr. Wells (L.M.), J. Wells (L.M.), M. Whitehouse
(L.M.), H. Whitehouse (L.M.), S. Wright.

Births.

On December 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Brown, a son.

On February 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. K. Hall, a daughter.

On February 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. Smart (née Elsie
Brookes), a daughter.

Marriage.

On December 15th, at Alcester, Francis Thomas
Woodfield (scholar, 1912-13), to Olive Devey.

Death.

On March 6th, at Alcester, Daisy Pearl Barnes (scholar,
1919-22), aged 16 years.

Quoits.

"The play's the thing," quoth the immortal bard. He did, no doubt, say other things, but for our immediate purpose, my learned friends, they are irrelevant. Besides, some of them were not exactly true. For instance, he said that Antony and Cleopatra played billiards, whereas the only cushions Cleopatra ever knew anything about were those fluffy things that you mustn't sit on; while Mark Antony was, at any rate, a poor hand even at snooker. Cæsar once won three denarii from him in a single night, and Antony was so mad that he threw his cue into the Tiber and went on a fishing expedition to Egypt. However, to get back to the point. When Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing," he did not mean what I mean, and I do not mean what he meant, but at any rate I have as much right to my opinion as Shakespeare had to his; and I am not going to say that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon just because we differ over a technical point like that. Besides, how could Bacon write "Hamlet"? You might just as well suggest that he was the author of a

"Dissertation on Roast Pig". Well, as the play is still the thing, and we all have a lot of time on our hands now that the days are getting longer and the B.B.C. have adopted a thorough scheme for educating the man in the street, Mr. Editor and I (or *vice versa*) thought that you might perhaps like to hear something about our national pastimes from one who has been knurr-and-spell champion of the British Isles for five successive seasons, and once gained the Wormwood Scrubbs Diploma for Oakum Picking, which requires considerable agility in both wrists and knuckles.

To begin with, let us take tennis. Now, I know nothing particularly surprising about tennis except, perhaps, that it is a little dangerous for young people; there's such a lot of courtship about it. The usual procedure is, I believe, to throw the ball high in the air, hit it, or miss it, as the case may be; if the latter, say "Sorry" to your partner, or words to that effect. then walk across to the other side of the court and try your luck there. It really is a most amusing game. If you belong to a club you get quite a lot of fun on wet days seeing the people running into the pavilion; or sometimes, to use a professional term, you may "take a bird on the court"—in which case you have to pay extra for both admission and refreshment, but it is worth it, believe me, Mr. Editor. The only drawback about tennis is the intense feeling aroused during the game; but those who invented this form of amusement provided against actual hostilities by stretching a net from one side of the court to the other. However, tennis is a jolly fine game for those who have a moderately large supply of tennis balls, and put in plenty of practice at sitting out at dances during the winter. And yet it does seem ridiculous to try to knock the ball through one of those little holes in the net. They're far too small. Still, I suppose every game has its drawbacks, except Rugby, and that only has halves, three-quarters, and a full back; so we must not complain about that, even if we do have to stand in the rain, or in the Thames, to watch Cambridge win the boat race.

Cricket also has its bad points (there are a few indifferent cover points about as well, but let that pass). For instance, Charles Kingsley once said—well, it doesn't really matter what he said—but at any rate, W. G. Grace agreed with him, and what W. G. did not know about bats and balls and stumps you can look up in Prince Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket." Well, W. G. always used to say, "Stop in and the runs will come." Now when I used to play cricket I always used to follow this bit of advice, and I

found that as long as I stopped in the runs did come, and as long as there were any more runs coming you can bet I never showed my nose outside the pavilion door. When there were nine wickets down and I went out, W. G.'s prophecy always started to pick holes in my play, and somebody threw something at me and the wickets fell down, and everybody started to shout and clap—I never could understand what clever thing I'd done. Cricket was never my game, although when I was young my nurse always told me to wear flannel next my skin, and I am sure that if anybody ever had more experience of bails than I have had it's Lord Darling or one of you others. It's a wearisome world, ladies and gentlemen, it is really, and sport is the only form of recreation for an Englishman who does not drink, smoke, help to ride a tandem, or push a pram; so we have to make the best of it.

I have my own favourite pastime, but I shan't tell you the name because her mother might not like it. But, anyway, in my spare time I do a little strenuous exercise at the pitching board at the "Pig and Whistle." Quoits, my friends, is the only form of manly pastime which develops character but does not tend to discolour the adenoids. (That's what my doctor told me the time before last that I had housemaid's knee.) What! you say you don't know where the "Pig and Whistle" is? Well, just write to the editor of the "Frothblowers' Year Book and Public House Directory," and he will give you your bearings. It is, to be precise, a country tavern where I and several other equally well-known writers resort to get a bit of local colour, and it has the further reputation of having the finest pitching board in the neighbourhood. Last year we had a most exciting tournament. A Scot won by two pints of bitter, but that was only because the marker was so *soft* that he couldn't swallow another drop, and Sandy happened to give him the last quart he had any recollection of. Well, this Sandy was a knowing lad. He trained on Haggis and Bagpipes, and attributed his success to the fact that he could make a noise like the figure twelve every time he pitched, and so put us all off our game. There was another fellow who used to try to eat a pile of black puddings as high as himself before breakfast every morning; but they made him see visions and dream dreams. When it came to pitching his avoirdupois rather embarrassed him, and he had to roll the quoits down his shirt-front, with the result that he could only score in ones because they always dropped in the same place. Then there was another rather like Mr. Editor

is at the present moment. He always used to be saying, "Here, how much longer are you going on? It's about time I had my turn." Well, Mr. Editor, I wish you luck, but it really is opening time.

A. J. P.

Notes and News

E. Lane has succeeded B. Thomas as Hockey Captain.

L. Smith is the new Captain of the Brownies.

The Games Subscription this term amounted to £7.

A hearty welcome is extended to Miss Fletcher, who joined the Staff at the beginning of the term.

Half-term was Monday, February 28th.

Speech Day has been fixed for Thursday, March 24th, and will be over by the time that this magazine is published.

In the London University Matriculation Examination held in January, Earp obtained a First Class.

B. Thomas has secured exemption from Birmingham Matriculation by passing the Oxford School Certificate Examination, held in December last.

The following weather observations have been recorded:—

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Highest Temperature ...	49°F. ...	55°F. ...	56°F.
Lowest Temperature ...	26°F. ...	26°F. ...	22°F.
Average Temperature ...	41°F. ...	39°F. ...	42.5°F.
Average Pressure ...	30.0ins....	30.1ins....	29.9ins.
Rainfall189ins....	2.274ins.	1.93ins.
Rain fell on ...	11 days ...	14 days ...	10 days.

With Apologies to Safed.

In the School where it is my fortune to reside, there be three principal duties which devolve upon certain wise and elderly scholars, which with unfailing regularity they perform day by day. It is the task of one to see that all her younger companions take advantage of the fresh air when the day is fine. A second must climb up the broad stairway to that chamber where those idle scholars, who have omitted to perform adequately their allotted tasks, must pass their playtime in quiet study. For the third there is an occupation which seemeth to provide a greater interest. For a half-hour this one will be seated in a small chamber whose walls are lined with many shelves, and where those who are so minded come to secure a book for leisure hours. Truly, the task of supplying the young with suitable literature doth not seem to be very amusing, but it hath a certain interest if one observe the ways of those who come thither. There be several scholars who are most regular in their attendance, but it seemeth to me that their reading is too hastily done, and not as extensive as they would have it believed. Nay, there be even they that do not open their books, but carry them away hoping to impress their fellow scholars with the profundity of their knowledge. However, there are some true lovers of books, who read with both pleasure and intelligence. Of these, the younger are for the most part delighted with tales of wonder and adventure, and many of their aged favourites are in danger of losing their outer coverings; the older, choosing those works which in a pleasureable manner may increase their knowledge, are doubly gratified by their enjoyment in reading and by a sense of having performed their duty. Most attractive of all comers is the timid little maid whom the high book-laden shelves fill with awe and who, fearful lest her more robust companions may hear her, in a shy whisper asketh for a fairy tale. Then, when it is almost time for studies to be renewed, the elder in charge maketh his preparations for departure. But invariably as he fasteneth the door and turneth away, the forgetful one arrives smiling, having just remembered to return her book. However, when to this last charge due attention has been paid, the door is finally closed, and the librarian is free to join those other wise and elderly scholars whose tasks in like manner have been completed.

The Scouts Concert.

The outstanding event of the Spring Term has been the Scouts' Concert, organised by Mr. Walker, and presented in the School Hall, on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, February 23rd and 24th. In it all members of the Troop, from the oldest to youngest, took part, and they were assisted by a number of the girls. For several weeks, rehearsals were in progress every day, and great keenness was displayed by all those who were participating.

Preparations, however, were by no means without their attendant difficulties; influenza and colds took their toll of the performers, and a full rehearsal of any item on the programme was the exception, rather than the rule. Day after day very necessary rehearsals had to be postponed, as one, two, three, or even more of the performers were away. But when the first day of the Concert arrived, everyone made a special effort to be present. There was an almost complete muster, and the general enthusiasm of the actors quickly obliterated any signs that might have been anticipated of under-rehearsal in certain items. All voted the Concert a thorough success, and one of the best that the Scouts have given.

A dress rehearsal, at which members of the school were present, took place on the Tuesday before the concert, and on this occasion a silver collection was made. As the result of this rehearsal and the two evening performances, the Scout Fund has benefited to the extent of over £11.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Pianoforte Duet M. Paice, B. Bomford
2. Dance " Garçon "
E. Ison, K. Morom, V. Wood, M. Perkins,
N. Baylis, J. Lane.
3. A Scout Play—
" The Scold, the Scoundrel, and the Scout."

CHARACTERS:

- | | | | | |
|---------------------|-----|--------------|-----|--------------------|
| " The Scold " | ... | ... | ... | Andrews |
| " The Scoundrel " | ... | ... | ... | Sisam |
| " Scouts " | | | | |
| 4. Dance | ... | " Fair Day " | ... | P. Inns, J. Holder |
| 5. " Mrs. Marconi " | | | | |

“ Mrs. Marconi ”	...	O. Gwynne Jones	}
		M. E. Lane	
“ Pat ”	Morgan i.
“ Jan ”	J. Lane

13. Songs The Scouts

Things we Should Like to Know About the Concert.

Who objected to gravy-browning, even though it was called "Parisian Essence"?

What happened to Mrs. Squeers' teeth at the dress rehearsal?

Who ate the property biscuits before Act III. on Thursday night?

Whose acting was so realistic that some of the audience wept, and some had to retire?

Whence came the "Juicy Steak," and whither it went?

Who are the tender-hearted members of the staff who were overcome by the last scene of "Nicholas Nickleby"?

Who is passionately fond of cold tea?

Who, having been given lines to say, insists on saying them all, irrespective of others who have omitted to repeat some of theirs?

Who is the meek lady who was always defrauded of some of her lines?

Who loved his costume so much that he would fain have slept in it?

How someone, selling programmes at twopence each, managed to finish up with an odd halfpenny?

A Brilliant Article.

The difficulty in writing an article for the Magazine, as everybody knows, is the choosing of the subject for your effusion. Title after title flashes to a bewildered brain, only to be rejected as another brilliant idea wakens to life in the grey matter.

But first, what kind of an article shall it be? A ghost story, an essay on the necessities of life, a school story, or an adventure yarn? I fix on number one; a ghost story it shall be—one that will make the reader's hair stand on end, his flesh creep, and his knees knock violently together. The title? What about this one? "The Banshee of the Bold, Bad Bolshy." What a ripper that will make! I'm sure that I could almost write a book on a heading like that. Now the story.

"The dark, deep night had fallen when a horseman might have been seen riding along." That sounds thrilling, doesn't it? "A yawning ravine opened in the path before him, and urging his horse to the leap he sprang across it, but fell before he was half-way across. In dead silence he vanished with a shrill cry. At the same time the wild, woeful wail of the Bold, Bad Bolshy's Banshee was heard." But what happened next? After that delightfully graphic description, with such command of vocabulary, the brain refuses to function on that subject for a further period, and the "Banshee of the Bold, Bad Bolshy" is regretfully consigned to the waste-paper basket.

I take up the subject of life's necessities. How shall I begin? What are life's necessities? "Food?" "Certainly!" "Pleasure?" "Yes!" "Work?" "Well, no!" What can I put down now? I've nothing more to say about the beastly subject. Another consignment for the waste-paper basket. Really, the thing is becoming quite useful. I now have two courses open to me, but alas! I needs must choose a school story, and that is much more difficult than it would appear at first sight.

"Tom Jones was out on a birds-nesting expedition. He was accompanied by his chum, otherwise his second-in-command, adviser, philosopher, or whatever else he may have been, who, with saint-like serenity, bore the name of Algernon Montague Fitzwater de Vere. The two were the sworn enemies of Colonel X, a retired Indian Army man with rather a hot temper (Chili peppers may have had something to do with this latter fact), and were marching across his territory with stealthy tread. Suddenly, from the thicket, sprang a keeper!" What can I put next? What would a keeper do? Drat the keeper! I'm sure I could manage an adventure story though. It's so easy once one sets one's mind to it.

Who shall the characters be? What shall the plot be? Where shall the setting be? Questions by the dozen again

crop up. Where do I wish that magazine? Still, the article has to be produced, no matter what the cost. I must labour on, a martyr to the cause. I sit down again, sleeves rolled up, chest expanded, and on my face a "do or die" expression, firmly resolved to conquer; pens, ink and paper are at my elbow. I labour on over another weary hour, then, as the last of my literary labours flutters to its last resting place, I sadly confess myself beaten.

Alas, for my hopes of a brilliant contribution. Dreams of the editor begging with tears in his eyes for more; offers of £25 a week situations simply pouring in from the big London dailies; all are shattered. My castles come tumbling about my ears in hopeless confusion, and I realise at long last that all is vain.

S. C. S.

Olla Podrida.

We are interested to learn from VA that Machiavelli lived at Stratford-on-Avon, and wrote novels.

The VIth Form wish it to be understood that they have not been dressing poultry, but for several evenings recently, their classroom was the habitation of a fully-fledged tribe of wild Indians.

The Ghost of A.G.S. was considerably disturbed on February 24th, by a despondent youth in Early Victorian costume, attempting to commit suicide with a revolver at the landing window.

We hear that patrons have accused the promotor of the recent concert of inculcating into some of the female performers the devastating effects of their optical organs on the stronger Sex. *Inasense!!*

May we ask the property mistress not to hire the food with the costumes in future. We believe that parents are complaining of the dentists' bills.

What authority has A.J.P. for stating that Zwingli died half way through his life?

It is rumoured that a new kind of scientific apparatus has been devised by a member of IVA. We understand that it is called a calibrometer.

C. R. informs us that cross-eyed people suffer from 'stigmatism. What an affliction!

G.D. evidently intends to write a dictionary at some future date. Specific, according to him, means "a measure of space."

Have any of our readers heard of reterongs? We imagine that they are the less respectable type of night clubs.

Had a certain member of III.B. been studying fashion papers when he informed us that there were no Tussars in Russia?

"They have a dress rehearsal for the School," remarked a certain small girl, "because they know that, if *we* applaud, the concert is sure to be all right."

A saturated solution, according to F.H., is one which is all wet.

Me and my Homework.

Some people seem to have a happy knack of settling down to their homework and clearing it off without much ado, their minds never being diverted by any fanciful thoughts or interruption. Unhappily, however, I cannot count myself among that fortunate number. I have on occasion been called light-headed and a day-dreamer; but whether this is a fair estimate of one who, while meaning well, is indeed not always capable of doing well, is a question which must be left open.

When tea is finished I take my books and settle down to my homework, and begin ploughing laboriously through my Latin sentences. Suddenly, a mew from my cat reminds me that she is still patiently waiting for her tea. I get up at once and attend to her needs. Now that I have given her a large saucerful of bread and milk, I return to my chair only to find that this has been occupied by a sister. She has also taken my only pen, so that it will in future be quite useless for my elegant hand-writing. Very much annoyed, I set to work to find another.

I resume my homework while my small brother, on hands and knees, pushes his train around the table, giving a realistic, though somewhat noisy, imitation of an express train. From the neighbouring room penetrating the walls

there float the familiar and oft-repeated strains of well-known melodies; somebody is industriously practising the "Jolly Farmer," which, I fear does anything but help me through my troublesome tasks.

After endeavouring to settle down once more to my homework I am again interrupted by my big brother who returns from his work, his face clearly showing that his ride has not been too pleasant. Indeed, at that moment I can hear the rain beating against the window as if it is calling me to leave my books and watch its down-pour. He slams the door and throws down the "Daily Mail" just in front of me.

My eye is naturally caught by an exciting picture on the back page, and I remain imagining all the wonderful things that may happen during the scene on this picture. Then, again I realise I still have my homework before me, and I recall my mind only to find myself gazing upon a horrible Algebra problem. Knowing that I am obliged to do it, I sit down and work studiously at it, until the grandfather clock strikes seven, and mother enters with the unwelcome news that I must go to bed. I get up angrily and roughly shut my books, knowing full well that my homework is concluded for the night.

M. E. L.

Flowers of Spring.

Spring, sweet Spring has come at last,
Dainty blossoms doth she bring;
Winter's ice and snow is past,
Sing the praises of sweet Spring.

Dainty crocuses in white,
Yellow, mauve, with leaves of green;
The garden is a lovely sight,
A prettier one was never seen.

Stately lilies soon will stand,
Roses, too, with drooping heads;
Yellow sunflowers, very grand,
Violets nestling in their beds.

M. A. B.

Musical Society.

In spite of the prevalence of epidemics, both this term and last, two very successful musical evenings have been held since the issue of last term's Magazine.

At the end of the Christmas term a programme, consisting chiefly of Christmas carols, was provided by members of the Society. Mr. Hutton sang the solo parts of "Nazareth" and "Old Judea," while the audience joined in the chorus of the first, and the Vth form took up that of "Old Judea," in four parts. The VIth form boys and Mr. Hutton also sang "The Boar's Head" and "Waits' Song." In addition to several of the old well-known carols, the girls sang one or two French carols. The programme was varied with two instrumental pieces—a pianoforte duet and violin solos—by Partridge i. We also had two gramophone records of the Westminster Cathedral Choir. A very amusing item was provided in "The Twelve Days of Christmas," which was rendered in a very realistic manner by members of Forms VI and VE.

The first meeting of this term was devoted to community singing, conducted by Miss Deans. The Fellowship Song Book formed an excellent basis for a programme which, to judge by the enthusiastic singing of members and friends, was heartily appreciated and enjoyed. The attendance of members was, however, regrettably small. Miss Deans, Mr. Hutton, and Mr. Ankcorn were the soloists, the audience joining in the choruses to their songs.

Unfortunately, the programme of Irish folk songs which was to have been given by Mrs. Sheldon, B.Mus., last term, had to be postponed, and is now fixed for March 18th. An evening to celebrate the centenary of Beethoven's death, is also being arranged.

L. S.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Partridge i.

As far as football is concerned this season has been perhaps the most disastrous on record in the history of the School. During the Autumn term we were harassed by the ravages of measles, and this term, also, we have been deprived of the services of several promising players on account of influenza. The task of the committee has not been an easy one, and we have rarely been able to pick and choose. On several occasions we have suffered heavy defeat at the hands

of rivals whom we should dearly have loved to humble in the dust, or, rather, in the mud; but I believe that, among other things, it is not unprofitable to learn to take defeat philosophically, and victory itself is perhaps more attractive as the exception than as the rule. Our greatest achievement this term has been to defeat Redditch 7—0, with the strongest team that we have been able to field since the very beginning of the season.

While the team as a whole has played up loyally, there has been, in certain quarters, a lamentable lack of enthusiasm, which has been all the more noticeable because the resources of the committee to draw upon have been comparatively so small. It would be well if all of you, especially the younger ones, who feel at all guilty in this respect, would realise that you are by no means indispensable, and that we are quite ready to sacrifice ability to enthusiasm in the interests of the team and of the School. The future of A.G.S. football rests not with us now but with you younger ones, and it behoves you to shoulder your responsibilities at once, not half-heartedly, but with determination, and to make the words of our good old song again a reality—

“Follow up! Till the field rings again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men.”

The chief results this term are as follows:—

- A.G.S. v. Redditch (home), won 7—0.
- v. Birmingham University 2nd XI. (away), lost 0—6.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 0—14.
- v. B.S.A. (home), lost 0—8.
- v. King's Norton S.S. (away), lost 1—13.
- v. Redditch S.S. (away), lost 2—5.

A. J. P.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—E. G. Lane.

SECRETARY—B. W. Wells.

The combined efforts of the well-known “flu” and the eternal bad weather have proved a serious obstacle to play this term. Several valiant attempts at a little practice were made before half-term, and one first eleven match was played with the assistance of several reserves, but so far little hockey worthy of the name of Alcester Grammar School has been displayed. The one notable match of the season was our first encounter with Warwick High School, which was not only a very close and exciting game, but also quite a novel experience for us. Those of us who will be representing the School in hockey next year will no doubt look forward to the next match against Warwick.

We are most of us by nature of an optimistic temperament, and though, so far, conditions have not been too favourable to hockey, we are looking forward to a final spell which will compensate us for all our previous disappointments. The results of the first eleven matches so far are as follows:

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), drawn 6—6.
 - v. Warwick K.H.S. (away), won 5—3.
 - v. Evesham Ladies' 2nd XI. (away), won 3—0.
 - v. Bromsgrove S.S. (home), won 2—1.
- E. G. L.

Scouts.

During the latter half of last term and the beginning of this one the Scouts have been fully occupied with preparations for their Concert, and no opportunities have arisen for scout work proper. We have only had one meeting since the Concert, and on that occasion two trials were run.

The troop is now looking forward to the proposed trip to Cheddar next term, as it promises to be one of the most interesting we have ever had.

P. L. PEACOCK.

For the Juniors.

The Five Swans and the Fairy Princess.

Once upon a time there were three very ugly swans and two very beautiful ones.

They often quarrelled and fought with each other. Then one swan said, "I am not going to fight any more," but the others fought more fiercely than ever, and at last killed each other. The one that was left, wept sorrowfully; he felt very lonely.

Along came a most beautiful fairy; she was dancing as she came. She wore a frilly little silk cap and a silk dress with violets round the neck. She looked at the sad swan and said, "Come, dear one, I will not hurt you for you are my friend; I love you. Come with me, dear, you shall swim in the stream of gold." So the lonely swan went with her to her beautiful palace of gold; and silver bells rang as they approached. The swan swam happily on the water of gold, and enjoyed the scent of sweet flowers and the laughter of the little fishes.

One morning when the fairy was feeding the swan a wonderful thing happened. Suddenly he changed from a swan into a handsome Prince, and he said, "Oh, beautiful, beautiful Princess, you have saved my life. There is only one thing I beg of you; will you marry me, dear Princess?"

The Princess, who had loved the swan, now loved the

Prince; so she consented to marry him. "But first of all," she said, "I must tell you that I am the daughter of the King of the Fairies, who lives in Spain. He will expect us to go to him, in order that you may be Fairy King after him." At once the Prince said, "I will." So off they went to Spain, where they lived happily for a long long time.

M. SISAM (age 8).

The Giant and the Three Little Mice.

Once there lived a giant who had two heads. He terrified everyone who lived near. One day he stole some cheese for breakfast. He put it carefully in a cupboard for safety. Now there was a tiny hole at the back of this cupboard, and that night, three hungry little mice smelt the cheese and crept through the hole. As they were very hungry they ate up all the cheese and crept home to bed. The Giant was very angry indeed when he found no cheese. He got a mouse trap, put some cheese in it and left it in the cupboard.

Next morning he found a mouse in the trap. He gobbled it up very quickly, and as he thought there were no more mice, he put some more cheese away in the cupboard. Next morning, when he went to get the cheese for breakfast, he found only a little scrap. He was very, very angry, and stamped his foot so hard that the castle fell to the ground, killing him and the other two little mice.

G. KENISTON (age 8).

What I think about School.

Before I went to school I thought it would be nasty. People always said that school was nasty. Peter told me that if I stayed away I should get the cane; but when I came the first day it was very nice. I always thought the "corridor" was just an ordinary door, but it is a big passage which you mustn't talk in or run in—but Roy sometimes does. At first I thought the hall was a big classroom, but sometimes we have drill in there. I never knew any of the children on the first day, but I made lots of new friends quite soon. We had to have all the mistresses and masters looking at us in prayers. The first word I learnt in one of my books was "tap," but I knew that before. We've got some plants in our classroom; three of them are very tall, and three have gone yellow and died. I sit in the front row with big benches in front of us. I've nearly finished the third line in handwork. The sums are quite easy to do when I use my nut; but I like drill with Miss Baker best.

MORRIS LANE (age 5).



